

Good Morning

112

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch

Could you look like this ON HAMBURGERS AND MUSHROOM SAUCE?

Asks RONALD RICHARDS

DORIS MERRICK is a vibrant, tawny blonde, who looks alternately like a blooming Dutch tulip girl or a languorous Russian princess. As a matter of fact, her paternal ancestry is half-English, half-Irish—her maternal is half-German, half-French.

She radiates an infectious zest for living. She has strange hazel-green eyes, which photo-

graph black, but which slant just enough above her high cheek-bones to give her an intriguing expression. She's exotic and curvaceous, freckled and healthy looking, with the kind of face and figure that changes bewilderingly and paradoxically from that of a healthy 'teen-ager to a sleek, chic sophisticate—depending entirely on her mood, clothes and coiffure.



Let's spend a restful day with Doris. First you bicycle out to some friends—



—who want their lawn mowed (and mind you do your share),—



—but you're not finished yet. You play a nice game of croquet (and stop saying "Crikey!")—



—and then—but she's shouting "FORE!" so you'd best look AFTER yourself—



—next a game of Badminton—and don't try shuttle out of the door before this battle, and cock!—



—and then you're allowed to LI-LO for a bit and cool off, till it's—



—supper time. And here's your reward, for it's Doris's favourite—Hamburgers, Mushroom Sauce and Noodles!

ALL SPORT
FRONT PAGE
TO-DAY

But to begin at the beginning: She was born in Chicago, the daughter of Nellie and the late Joseph Simpson.

She attended school in Chicago, where she lived all her life until she came to Hollywood. She graduated from the Ray Grammar School and Hyde Park High School, where she was active in basketball, swimming, and school theatricals—appearing in every school play, always in second leads.

Highlights

Highlights of her school days are winning the Helen Cain contest at the age of eight, in the finals at the Palace Theatre, where she won the prize of two tickets to the next show and a five-pound box of candy for imitating the Boop-a-doop girl.

Meanwhile, on her own she began taking singing lessons from Louise Gilbert.

Her lessons were interrupted when the Canadian Pacific Railroad invited her to Banff, Canada, for a two months' modelling job, which they assured her would be merely a highly publicised vacation.

When she returned to Chicago, an R.K.O. talent scout, who had seen stills of her, invited her to Hollywood. R.K.O. paid her way to the film city, but she was with them only two weeks when she decided they hadn't offered her enough to make it worth while for her to give up modelling. So she signed with Berg. Allenberg, who got her a contract at Warner Bros. There, re-named Beth Drake, she was worked to distraction by the publicity department for four months.

But her agents, knowing they could do better for her, manoeuvred to have Lew Schreiber, 20th Century-Fox casting director, see her test, and, much to her delight, she was promptly put to work in "Girl Trouble."

Contemporary authors who are her favourites include Eugene O'Neil, Gene Fowler and Noel Coward. Her favourite contemporary music is

by Sigmund Romberg and Irving Berlin. Favourite type of man or woman is one with good sense of humour, and who likes sports and athletics. Her greatest fears are mad dogs and having teeth pulled.

Her greatest ambition is to make good as a film actress, and eventually be good enough to earn an Academy Award.

Movie Fans

She used to attend movies once a week, now goes three or four times a week to study work of other actresses. Helen Keller is the living personality she most admires. Swimming is her favourite exercise. She likes both dogs and cats. She enjoys playing the ukulele.

She's a blues singer, with a low, torchy voice. She says her sisters are all lovelier than she is, and they all sing. Only time she sang professionally was with them as a Sister Quintet at the Congress Theatre in Chicago four years ago, and admits they were a flop because orchestra had wrong arrangement of their song and they all became so flustered they could hardly open their mouths.

Says if she weren't in pictures she'd go into the antique business. Her closest friend is Grace Rylander, a Swedish Lutheran minister's daughter in Chicago.

She enjoys dancing, golf and tennis, as well as swimming. Her favourite play is "You Can't Take It With You." Favourite picture is Chaplin's "Gold Rush." Favourite menu is hamburger with mushroom sauce and noodles. Her youthful ambition was to be a secretary. Her best studies at school were gym. and algebra.

Although she never lived there, she was named "Miss Milwaukee" in November, 1940, when the Mayor of Milwaukee came to Chicago to find a girl pretty enough for the title.

At 20th Century-Fox, Doris staged a campaign to use her real name, and within one hour she was, first, Beth Drake; second, Doris Simpson; and finally, Doris Merrick.

Picture record

"Yankee Doodle Dandy," "The Hard Way," "Girl Trouble," "Springtime in the Rockies," "That Other Woman," "Murder, Murder Everywhere."

WHAT'S A LITTLE STREAK OF LIGHTNING THAT BARKS?

IN his own way, the collier rivals the millionaire by being the owner of one or more of those four-legged flashes of lightning upon which you place your humble "bob."

A lucky collier—probably an old hand with two or three working sons—will be able to run a couple of greyhounds regularly, but the "little bloke" is quite content with whippets.

The successive hammer-blows of rationing and income tax haven't killed the collier's love of coursing, and many a pitman's kitchen serves as a hospital-cum-nursery for whippets and greyhounds. If anything, war-time impositions have been a boon to the whippet, establishing its ascendancy over the greyhound because of its cheapness and economy.

Grey-haired Ellis Lingard, of Station-road, Wombwell, South Yorks, in his prime the finest whippet and greyhound "slipper" in Britain, lives in the heart of the sporting coal-field. "The miner still retains his love of the whippet," he told Good Morning, "and in these

WATCH two seventeen- or eighteen-stone men of little more than medium stature, locked with their arms round each other's backs, all set to struggle for mastery on the short turf of a Cumberland or Westmorland meadow, and you see the ancient sport of wrestling at its best.

For centuries the dalesmen of the Lake Country, the shepherds, the blacksmiths, joiners, the innkeepers, have practised an art which gives strength and firmness, combined with quickness and pliability to the limbs, vigour to the body, coolness and discrimination to the head and elasticity to the temper, forming an energetic union of the greatest power to be found in man.

Grasmere, in the heart of the mountains and lakes, and Carlisle, have long been the rings in which wrestlers have battled to win renown.

The number of famous Lake District wrestlers, men who have proved themselves possessed of equal skill and dexterity in the Cornish, the Lancashire and in the catch-hold wrestling favoured by foreigners, is legion.

Even after the lapse of half a century, however, the names of George Steadman and George Lowden, both natives of Cumberland, stand out above all others. In turn, each prevailed over the other at the great annual gathering of athletes at Grasmere, and each won the heavyweight championship of the ring.

They were tremendous rivals. They were good showmen. Surrounded by thousands of native hillmen and by fashionable people brought from London in their coaches to Grasmere, they used gravely to pace the ring, while they strained to get a favourable hold, and the crowd might, at their leisure, note their bulk and contrast it with their easy grace, the swelling muscles of arms and legs and the composure of their handsome countenances.

The womenfolk were thrilled by the sight of so much mountainous flesh and brawn, and by the fury of the encounter that followed the announcement that the men were in grips.

George Steadman and George Lowden had their admirers everywhere in the land. Steadman distinguished himself by completely turning the tables on two burly and unwieldy

Gallic giants, Le Boeuf and Dubois, at the Alexandra Palace and other places. Dubois was confident that at his own catch-hold style of wrestling he could beat Steadman, and great was his chagrin when the Cumbrian threw him and held down the infuriated Frenchman, a hillock of flesh, the required length of time.

One of our sporting earls invited Steadman and Lowden to come to London to give an exhibition of their wrestling before a gallery of town "bloods." The terms were generous and the two Cumbrians accepted them with alacrity. The hospitality accorded them was unstinting, and on the evening they met they were in more than ordinarily keen fettle to give of their best. And they wrestled as they had never wrestled before.

They took no thought of the morrow.

They put out all the power that resided in them. The town "bloods" were delighted.

Never had they seen two men spare themselves so little.

When the bouts were over George Steadman and George Lowden took to their beds. They were worn out. In the morning Steadman whispered to Lowden, in another bed, "Ista there, Georgie?"

Lowden groaned, "I se so fair done out, I can hardly speak." And Steadman exclaimed, "A bonny pair of fouls we've been to be playthings of these fellers."

Lowden replied, "I'm off for home."

Steadman: "You can't git up if yer as sair as I am. What a pair of fouls we've been."

The men had bruised each other all over. They remained in bed all the day and they ached still when they left London for their homes.

LET'S HAVE A LINE

on what you think
of 'Good Morning'
with your ideas.

Address top of
Page 4.



easy "hare" by fitting a rope to the specially home-made back wheel. At the other end of the rope is tied a bundle of rags; and while willing hands hold the dogs, brawny arms pedal the bicycle, and the whippets get plenty of exercise in chasing the bundle across the rolling fields, which contrast sharply with the ugly "muckstacks" in the area.

Are you a whippet fan?

Periscope
PageQUIZ
for today

1. What is the difference between (a) a doublet, (b) a doublet?
2. Who wrote (a) "Tristram Shandy," (b) "Tristram and Iselt"?
3. Which of the following is an "intruder," and why: Nightjar, Chaffinch, Dunnock, Samlet, Yaffle, Peewit?
4. What is the classical name of the Thames?
5. Where are the Marches?
6. What is sericulture?
7. What is toxicology?
8. What is the capital of Tasmania?
9. Who was Soames Forsyte?
10. What is a quadricentenary?
11. When did Alfred the Great die?
12. What is a Pharos?

Answers to Quiz
in No. 111

1. A small kangaroo.
2. (a) Thomas Love Peacock, (b) G. B. Shaw.
3. Vice versa is Latin; the others are French.
4. The so-called liver of a lobster.
5. A volcano in Ecuador.
6. A wishbone.
7. Produced by the earth.
8. 92.
9. Chinese grass.
10. Aries, the Ram.
11. 1605.
12. Jack Johnson.

WANGLING
WORDS—74

1. Place the same two letters, in the same order, both before and after ATI, to make a word.
2. Rearrange the letters in SHINED OVER to make an English county.
3. Change GALE into CALM, altering one letter at a time and making a new word with each alteration.
Change in the same way: BOND into FREE, WOOD into BINE, HOME into TOWN.
4. How many four-letter and five-letter words can you make from ESSENTIAL?

The law is the last result of human wisdom acting upon human experience for the benefit of the public.
Samuel Johnson
(1709-1784)

TO-DAY'S PICTURE QUIZ



These are Stalagmites, Stalactites, Icicles, or might even be tropical plants. Which do you think? (Answer to Picture Quiz in No. 111 is: Komodo Lizard.)

The Baron takes the air AND FINDS ROAST BEEF IN THE MILKY WAY

WHILE staying in the Isle of Thanet I used to walk every morning in the countryside. On one of the walks I discovered what appeared to be the ruins of an ancient temple.

In the centre of it was a tower near forty feet high, overgrown with ivy.

Thinking I should obtain a fine survey of the country from its top, I managed to climb up the ivy, and found myself looking down a deep chasm in its middle.

Curiosity prompted me to sound the opening in order to ascertain its depth, as I entertained a suspicion that it might probably communicate with some unexplored subterranean cavern in the hill, but having no line, I was at a loss how to proceed.

After revolving the matter in my thoughts for some time, I resolved to drop a stone down and listen to the echo. Having found one that answered my purpose, I placed myself over the hole, with one foot on each side, and stooping down to listen, I dropped the stone.

Taken for a ride

I had no sooner done this than I heard a rustling below, and suddenly a monstrous eagle put up its head right opposite my face. Rising up with irresistible force, it carried me away seated on its shoulders.

I instantly grasped it round the neck, which was large enough to fill my arms, and its wings, when extended, were ten yards from one extremity to the other.

As it rose with a regular ascent, my seat was perfectly easy, and I enjoyed the prospect below with inexpressible pleasure.

It hovered over Margate for some time, was seen by several people, and many shots were fired at it. One ball hit the heel of my shoe, but did me no injury. It then directed its course to Dover cliff, where it alighted, and I thought of dismounting, but was prevented by a sudden discharge of musketry from a party of marines that were exercising on the beach.

The balls flew about my head and rattled on the feathers of the eagle like hailstones, yet I could not perceive it had received any injury.

Channel sweep

It instantly reascended and flew over the sea towards Calais, but so very high that the Channel seemed to be no broader than the Thames at London Bridge.

In a quarter of an hour I found myself over a thick wood in France, where the eagle descended very rapidly, which caused me to slip down to the back part of its head. But, alighting on a large tree and raising its head, I recovered my

seat as before, but saw no possibility of disengaging myself without the danger of being killed by the fall. So I determined to sit fast, thinking it would carry me to the Alps, or some other high mountain, where I could dismount without any danger.

After resting a few minutes it took wing, flew several times round the wood, and screamed loud enough to be heard across the English Channel. In a few minutes one of the same species arose out of the wood and flew directly towards us. It surveyed me with evident marks of displeasure, and came very near me. After flying several times round they both directed their course to the south-west.

I soon observed that the one I rode upon could not keep pace with the other, but inclined towards the earth, on account of my weight; its companion, perceiving this, turned round and placed itself in such a position that the other could rest its head on its rump; in this manner they proceeded till noon, when I saw the Rock of Gibraltar very distinctly.

The day being clear, notwithstanding my degree of elevation, the earth's surface appeared just like a map, where land, sea, lakes, rivers, mountains and the like were perfectly distinguishable; and having some knowledge of geography, I was at no loss to determine what part of the globe I was in.

Atlantic Flight

When I had recomposed myself a little, and looking before me with inexpressible pleasure, I observed that the eagles were preparing to light on the peak of Teneriffe. They descended on the top of a rock, but, seeing no possible means of escape if I dismounted, determined me to remain where I was.

The eagles sat down, seemingly fatigued, when the heat of the sun soon caused them both to fall asleep, nor did I long resist its fascinating power.

In the cool of the evening, when the sun had retired below the horizon, I was roused from sleep by the eagle moving under me, and having stretched myself along its back, I sat up, and reassumed my travelling position, when they both took wing, and having placed themselves as before, directed their course to South America.

The moon shining bright during the whole night, I had a fine view of all the islands in those seas.

About the break of day we reached the great continent of America, and descended on the top of a very high mountain.

At this time the moon, far distant in the west, and obscured by dark clouds, just afforded light sufficient for me to discover a kind of shrubbery all around, bearing fruit something like cabages, which the eagles began to feed on very eagerly.

I endeavoured to discover my situation, but fogs and passing clouds involved me in the thickest darkness. What rendered the scene still more shocking was the tremendous howling of wild beasts, some of which appeared to be very near. I determined to keep my seat, imagining that the eagle would carry me away if any of them should make an hostile attempt.

Roast beef plant

When daylight began to appear, I thought of examining the fruit which I had seen the eagles eat; and as some was hanging, which I could easily come at, I took out my knife and cut a slice; but how great was my surprise to see that it had all the appearance of roast beef regularly mixed, both fat and lean!

I tasted it, and found it well flavoured and delicious. Then I cut several large slices and put in my pocket, where I found a crust of bread which I had brought from Margate, took it out, and found three musketballs that had been lodged in it on Dover cliff. I extracted them, and, cutting a few slices more, made a hearty meal of bread and cold beef fruit.

I then cut down two of the largest that grew near me, and, tying them together with one of my garters, hung them over the eagle's neck for another occasion, filling my pockets at the same time.

To-day's Brains Trust

THE Brains Trust has here a hoary old nut to crack, and the discussion group consists of a Philosopher, a Professor of Natural History, a Biologist, and Mr. Everyman. The question is:—

Which did come first—the chicken or the egg? Doesn't science really know?
Philosopher: "It is certainly an old problem, but I think the answer to it depends on how you define 'egg.' In its widest usage, 'egg' means little more than germ-cell, and if the earliest particle of living matter in the primeval mud can be described as the germ of all earthly life, then undoubtedly the egg came first."

Mr. Everyman: "I think that is stretching the meaning of the word much farther than the questioner intended. He wants to know whether the first chicken that ever appeared on the earth came out of an egg, and if so, who laid the egg? I suppose evolution would say that it was a reptile."

Professor: "Hardly like that! Theoretically, there must have

been a first completed chicken, but in fact there was never any such thing. Birds are all descended from the reptiles, but the transition must have been so gradual that it would be impossible to say of many of the transitional species that they were either primitive birds or advanced reptiles. They possessed both reptilian and avian characteristics.

"For instance, we do know that the earliest birds had teeth. If the questioner insists that his chicken must have a beak and feathers, it is even more impossible to point to any particular creature as the first chicken."

Biologist: "If the chicken must be the hypothetical first chicken, we can answer at once, of course, that, since he came out of an egg, the egg was undoubtedly first on the scene. But though that egg could not have been laid by a chicken, it must have been laid by a creature so like a chicken that no zoologist would dream of calling them different species of bird."

"The fact is, the chicken's ancestors grade back into the

Continued on Page 3.

CROSSWORD CORNER

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
	10		11					
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15			16		17			
18		19		20		21	22	
		23				24		
25	26	27		28	29			
30			31	32				
33		34			35	36	37	
	38				39			
40				41				

CLUES ACROSS.

- 1 Test for rhythm.
- 5 Losing freshness.
- 10 Workman.
- 12 Foolish talker.
- 13 Northumberland river.
- 15 Rower.
- 16 Fuel.
- 18 Change.
- 20 Running loop.
- 23 Metal.
- 24 Double.
- 25 Horses.
- 28 Receded.
- 30 Space of time.
- 31 Relax.
- 33 Narrow silk strip.
- 35 Imitated.
- 38 In parts.
- 40 Cheeky.
- 41 Sings in 'snatches.

CLUES DOWN.

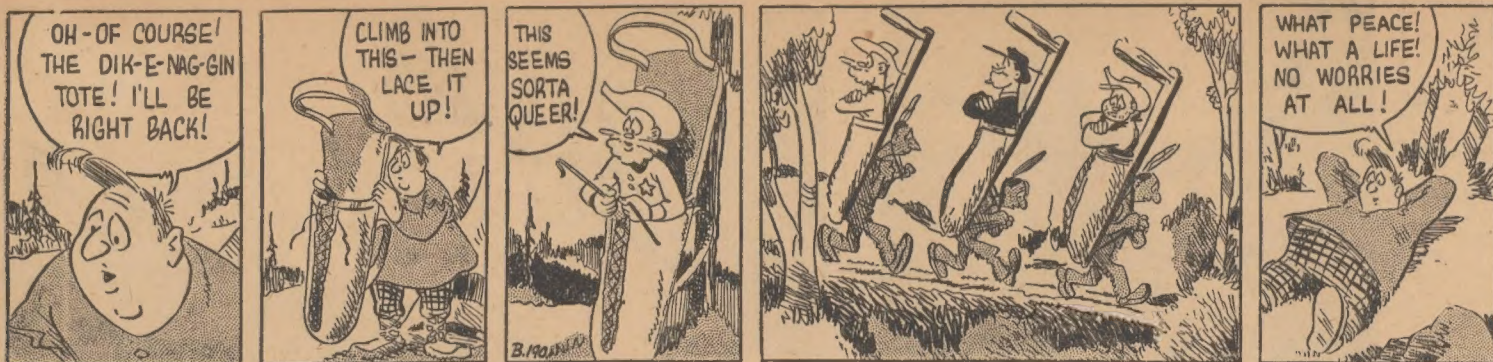
- 2 Reddish colour.
- 3 Aloof.
- 4 Snare.
- 5 Passenger.
- 6 Close to.
- 7 The same.
- 8 Girl's name.
- 9 Northamptonshire river.
- 11 Stand for.
- 12 Interloper.
- 14 Corrected.
- 17 S. American mountain.
- 19 Moose.
- 21 Sphere.
- 22 Abbreviated girl's name.
- 26 Occur.
- 27 Trunk tossed in sport.
- 29 Colloquial fete.
- 32 Mine entrance.
- 34 Part of play.
- 36 Make friends.
- 37 Old measure.
- 39 If not.

AFT RAMPS K
PROLIX ROSE
PAP BEDOUIN
LIPS SAD L
ALLOW RUCKS
U ENHANCE T
DODGE SEDGE
I SAP SIRE
FLATTER LAP
RYDE COOLIE
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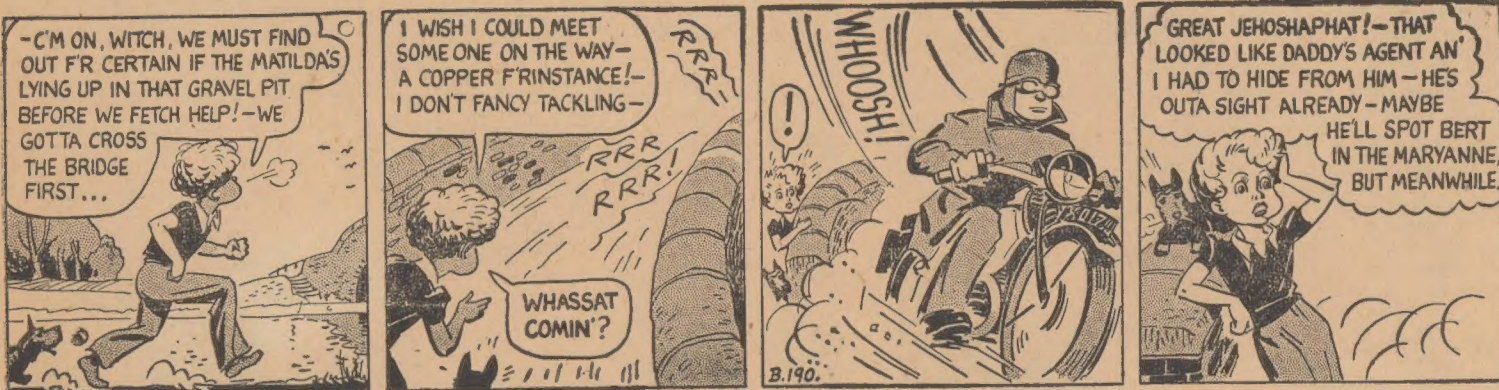
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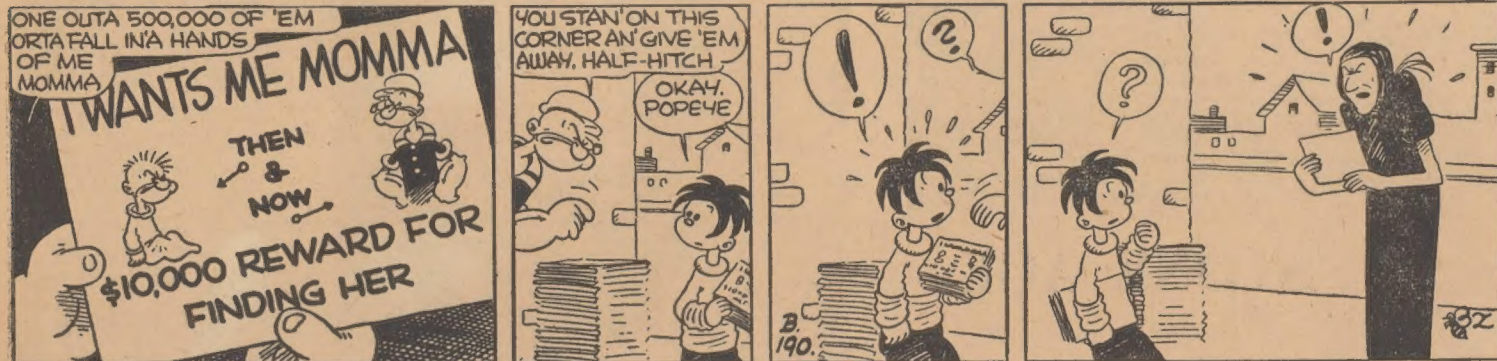
Beelzebub Jones



Belinda



Popeye



Ruggles



Garth



THE DOG THAT GOES DEEP SEA FISHING

It's President Roosevelt's Dog

EVERY dog is supposed to have his day, but not every dog has a film made of it. But the dog, Fala by name, belonging to President Franklin Delano Roosevelt, is an exception, probably because no other dog lives and moves in such famous surroundings.

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer recently obtained permission to make a film short dramatising the life and daily exploits of Fala. It is a simple tale of a man and his dog, which M.-G.-M. made for entertainment purposes only.

Yet its extraordinary human appeal should make this film a most enlightening propaganda document wherever people are human enough to love dogs.

Fala has had the benefit of our high-pressure era of vast news dissemination with newspapers, radios, magazines and other outlets, carrying story after story about his doings.



Fala has gone globe-trotting with his master, he has been an important member of innumerable deep-sea fishing excursions on the Presidential yacht Potomac, he has been the central figure in a book, "The True Story of Fala," by Margaret Suckley and Alice Dalgleish, and now he stars in a movie.

FOOD FROM THE PRESIDENT'S HAND.

Fala's activities in the film are a sort of fast-paced "My Day," crowded with canine diversion and incident.

His "day" begins when he rouses himself from his bed in his master's chamber, steals a look at the weather, and begins to think of breakfast. He has a certain routine that he performs with the White House cook, after which he goes for a special titbit from his master.

Fala is the one individual to whom all White House doors and gates are open, and he makes full use of his exceptional liberties. He has many favourite friends, including members of the Secret Service, the girls in the telephone room, and little Diana Hopkins, but he always manages to spend the tag end of the day somewhere near "The Chief," who, in the midst of an incessant drive, is never long separated from him.

M.-G.-M. narrator Pete Smith speaks for Fala on the sound track of the film, which was directed by Gunther V. Fritsch.

Sid Field says—

A SMALL boy I know has just returned from America. One day he was walking in the park with his aunt when they saw some sparrows. "Oh, look Auntie, at the little birds," cried the child. "Not 'boids,' darling—they're birds." "Well, they choips like boids."

I WAS walking down Piccadilly last week on my way to the theatre, when I saw a beggar standing on the kerb holding two hats. I said, "What's the idea?" He winked and replied, "Well, business is so good I've opened a branch."

TO-DAY'S BRAINS TRUST

Continued from Page 2.

reptiles by quite imperceptible stages, as the Professor has just said, and from the reptiles back into the fishes and worms and primeval forms of protoplasm."

Professor: "If the questioner is so particular as to specify the chicken he means, I should have thought the answer obvious. Of any particular chicken it may truly be said that the egg came first. The

difficulty only arises when the term chicken is used of the species and not of a particular individual."

Biologist: "Eggs were certainly in existence long before the domestic fowl was evolved. But if we are to admit his remote ancestors, it is difficult to see where we are to stop. His most ancient ancestors of all, the primitive forms of living matter from which all life has

arisen were almost certainly propagated by simple fission.

"When they reached a certain size, pieces just broke off and started independent existences on their own. The method of propagation by eggs was a much later development, and therefore I should say that the egg did not come first."

Mr. Everyman: "But I should say that primitive lumps of protoplasm could not, by any stretch of the imagination, be called chickens."

Philosopher: "The general conclusion, then, is that, while you can never have a chicken without previously having an egg, you can have an egg without previously having a chicken. But it would not, of course, be a chicken's egg."

Mr. Everyman: "But how could a chicken come out of an egg which was not a chicken's egg?"

Philosopher: "I think we must stop drawing a distinction between a chicken and an

egg, and call the egg merely an extremely young chicken. The question then becomes, which came first, an old chicken or an extremely young chicken? And then the terms 'old' and 'young,' give you the answer, prior to 'old.' And, be it noted, this does not beg the question, for, while we may legitimately call the egg an extremely young chicken, we cannot, in any sense, refer to it as an old chicken. Undoubtedly the egg came first."

HAVE YOU ANY?

Jokes, Drawings or Stories from your ship's magazine. Send them to the Editor at the address on top of back page.

Good Morning

All communications to be addressed to: "Good Morning,"
C/o Press Division,
Admiralty,
London, S.W.1

BALL-ED OVER

But that's just how Ann Rutherford, M.G.M. star of the "Judge Hardy" series, likes to take her medicine-ball. Playing opposite Mickey Rooney is a strenuous job. We don't blame Ann for going into strict training.



STONE AGE

Retrieving stones is always an absorbing pastime for kiddies at the seaside, even though it is never-ending. The fascination of smooth, wet pebbles is irresistible.



SPLASH!



Trust a Polar bear to take a neat header. Guess he knows just how he pleases the crowds at the London Zoo — and loves it.

This England



Not a fairy story of Mary and her lamb, but a genuine scene at the Market Cross, Castle Combe, Wiltshire. And the girl's name does happen to be Mary.

SHIP'S CAT SIGNS OFF

"Don't be so kittenish."

